INTERNED

in the

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

by

Church of the Brethren

Missionaries

1941 - 1945

GENERAL MISSION BOARD

Church of the Brethren

Elgin, Illinois

BAGUIO

Baguio is the summer capital of the Philippine Islands. It is located on the island of Luzon. Students from the Peiping, China, Language School came to Baguio to carry on their language study. They had been in language school just about one year when they were interned by the Japanese.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

Palm trees make the landscape in the Philippine Islands beautiful. This is a typical scene.

WOMAN OF LUZON

A native woman who lives in the hills above Baguio. She is carrying a basket of "camotes," a sort of sweet potato.

FLASHLIGHTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES
Interned in the Philippines

Dr. and Mrs. E. Lloyd Cunningham arrived in China in 1938. While they were in language school in Peiping their son Larry was born. Because of a reduced staff at Ping Ting they had to begin work there before they had finished their language study. Susie Thomas went to China in 1939 and was in her second year of language study when she left China. Rolland and Josephine Flory, Edward and Helen Angeny and Bessie Crim arrived for language study in Peiping in September 1940.

After all of our missionaries were evacuated to the Peiping area in December 1940 because of the threat of imminent war, the mission voted that all of the missionaries who had not finished their language study should go to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippine Islands, to which the Peiping language school had moved early in January 1941. These missionaries were interned by the Japanese on December 24, 1941.

PARTY IN CONCENTRATION CAMP

Mothers and their children of two years of age and under. This picture was taken in a concentration camp and brought out to America against rules and regulations. The person who brought the picture might have paid with his life had the picture been found upon him. It proved to be a great comfort to parents and relatives in America. Everyone who received a copy kept it in secret. Josephine Flory and son James, also Helen Angeny and daughter Carol, are in the group.

General Survey of Events

Rolland C. Flory
Missionary Interned in the Philippines
Now in America

One beautiful morning in December 1941, the students from the College of Chinese Studies in Baguio were standing in little groups discussing the attack on Pearl Harbor. It was time for school but there was not much incentive to start classes that morning. Soon after classes began, we heard the roar of planes and the thud of exploding bombs. Were the planes just Americans practicing or were they Japanese? It was impossible to carry on school work and so several fellows went to find out the truth of the situation. Upon their return we knew war had actually started in the Philippines.

In spite of the excitement we decided to continue with our morning chapel service. Later it was decided that school would be postponed until we heard further news. The chairman of the student body was sent to the mayor of Baguio to offer the services of the students to help in any work of a civilian nature. Since there was no system of air-raid alarms in Baguio, one of the older Baguio missionaries, in cooperation with the mayor, worked out a system of air-raid lookout posts and many of us were employed in keeping watch for planes and signaling to the city. Other students worked on air-raid shelters.

As the Japanese advanced, the American army in Baguio left, leaving the city undefended. Most of the American civilians assembled together in Brent School, an American boarding school. We felt there would be safety in numbers. The mayor and a couple other Americans and the leading Japanese civilian of the city went down the road to contact the Japanese army and to inform them that Baguio was undefended. In this way we were saved from being shelled. At midnight, December 27, the Japanese army arrived at the school. We were all searched by the soldiers and then crowded into a small building. The next day, loaded with a very few personal belongings, we were marched several miles to Camp John Hay, the American military camp, our home for the next four months.

We had to do all of our own work such as cooking, laundry, cleaning, etc. So a committee was appointed to organize all camp work. Each individual who was physically able was assigned a job. Every few months we held a new election for our camp committee, but many of the men who were found capable held office most of the time. Several missionaries served on this committee and did a great service in administering camp affairs. The personnel of the camp was composed of about one-third missionaries, one-third mining people and one-third businessmen. The reason for such a high percentage of missionaries was the presence of the Chinese language school students.

In April 1942 we were taken to Camp Holmes, about ten miles out of Baguio. In most respects this camp site was much better. Camp Holmes was a former Filipino army constabulary camp. We lived here for thirty-two months. There was a shortage of water during the dry season, but it did not prove serious.

The work detail which took the most man power was cutting wood for cooking. The trees nearest the camp were cut and as time went on we had to go farther and farther from camp. The logs had to be rolled, pushed and carried a mile or more over the mountain trails. This work, although hard, was quite

popular because it offered one an opportunity to get out of camp during the day. This gave one a feeling of freedom. The wood crew also received some extra food because of the hard physical work involved. During the second year, the Japanese guards did not watch the wood cutters very closely and often they could contact Filipinos. Sometimes friendly Filipinos hid food near where we were working in places we would be sure to find it.

When we were first interned the civilian Japanese who had been in Baguio were in charge of us but soon the army gave closer supervision. The civilian Japanese were then employed by the army as an office staff to manage us through our committee. An army guard was maintained to guard us at all times. The guard was frequently changed. When a new guard came in the soldiers would control with fixed bayonets and were very careful to see that we behaved as we should. Sometimes a guard would slap an American who did something contrary to the Japanese standards. A day or two later, however, they would dispense with the bayonet and as they saw more of us they would walk among us unarmed. Frequently they spoke to the children and even to an adult now and then. That was a sign that we had tamed a new group of guards. They found that we were not so terrible as they had been led to believe.

The last year, as things became more tense, two barbed-wire fences were built all the way around the camp with a no man's land in between the two fences. Guards were stationed in between the two fences. Most of the time there were only from eight to ten guards. However, the guard was increased to a company of about fifty or sixty during the last year. The head of the guard and our camp was called the commandant.

The commandant we liked best was from a high ranking family and was very fair-minded. He did not feel inferior to us in any way and therefore did not need to show his authority over us in the irksome ways some of the other commandants used. Unfortunately for us, he was changed because he had been too good to us. When he left he said he wished that we might meet after the war under circumstances in which he might become better acquainted with us. All were sorry to see him go. Even the Japanese guards disliked our next commandant and admitted he was crazy, so you can imagine what we thought of him.

Camp Holmes was on a mountainside over 5,000 feet high. To the west one could see the China Sea, thirty miles distant. Here we had plenty of space around the buildings. Part of the time we were even allowed to go up the mountain for picnics after obtaining a permit from the Japanese office. Many took advantage of this opportunity to get away for a while from camp life.

Some campers started small private gardens which helped to supplement our inadequate diet. In the last six months these gardens were discontinued at the order of the Japanese because we then had a compulsory community garden. We were told that we must raise all our own food. We dug up grassy hill slopes with picks, shovels and hoes, working the ground until it was soft enough to plant beans, onions and sweet potatoes. We finished planting about three acres of land before we were transferred to Manila on December 28, 1944. A day or two before we left we ate some of our own

camp-grown *camotes,* the native sweet potato.

We were transported to Manila by army trucks and were forced to leave many of our belongings behind. Our baggage and bedding was loaded onto a truck and then the people sat on top of that. It was a slow, hot, tiresome trip. When we were about one third of the way to Manila we had to transfer to other trucks. We unloaded the first trucks and lay in the dust beside the road several hours before we were reloaded for the rest of the journey to Bilibid Prison in Manila. We stayed at Bilibid until released by the American forces. Fortunately we had to live there only one month. Disease and sanitary conditions were much worse in Manila. There was also a decrease in the amount of food so that several would not have lived long under such conditions.

Since there was no better place to which to move us after our release, we stayed in Bilibid Prison for about six weeks. The city had been burned and shelled for a couple of weeks and desirable living conditions did not exist. Soon, however, the American army began to repatriate us. Many were flown to Leyte, but after the harbor was opened, later, ships picked up civilians in Manila.

It took three weeks to zigzag our way across the Pacific to reach "America the Beautiful." Indeed, America is a wonderful country. Our earnest prayer is that she will take the responsibility thrust upon her and lead in Christian brotherhood. We pray that America may be willing to sacrifice for the sake of world peace as well as for war.

Values From Our Internment Experience in the Philippines

E. Lloyd Cunningham, M. D.
Riverbank, California

Others have written the necessary facts relating to our experiences as civilian internees during the recent Japanese occupation of the Philippines. I have been asked for a few generalizations and impressions obtained from these experiences that are of permanent value.

Of how little real value are one's material possessions! Under the circumstances that prevailed in camp it became impossible to hold on to these. The necessary adjustments had to be made in order to anchor to the more spiritual values. For some, to be sure, this was more difficult than for others, but eventually all were thankful for the mere sparing of life itself. Man can live quite richly for a good while if he is properly orientated to spiritual values, even though the supply of "bread alone" may be seriously diminishing.

Men need to understand one another. When the internees were first thrown together they found themselves in groupings of various sizes, each group somewhat exclusive and a bit distrustful of other groups. In some relationships there was even an element of hatred. But as the people became better acquainted and learned to know each other these misgivings soon disappeared and all found themselves to be very much alike. People apparently react in about the same way to similar circumstances. Most of the differences among men seem to come from a misunderstanding of the factors and relationships which go to make up their particular environments. There is usually a rea-

son why one's enemies act as they do. An effort to understand them sympathetically will often melt hatreds and misgivings.

Co-operation pays dividends. While there were many differences of opinion on several subjects among the internees yet where the welfare of the camp was concerned a fine spirit of co-operation prevailed. The statements of many outside observers of the condition of internees gave credence to the belief that the relatively good condition of those in the one camp as compared to the others was due primarily to the fine co-operation and unified camp spirit. Each worked for the good of all and felt better for having done so. It helped to keep up the morale.

Co-operation is made easier when there is more faith in man and in God. We should expect other men to do things. When counted on they will seldom let us down. We can be satisfied with having done the best that we can and expect that others will try to do the same. Many things are not under control of men, but God will take care of those and in a fine way too. A healthy trust in God and in other people saves a great deal of worry and leads toward pleasant co-operation with all men.

The historical concept of Christianity, or the ability to see Christ working out a definite purpose in the world as human personalities strive to relate themselves to him and to one another on the pages of history, *helps to keep one from despair when human progress seems to be in a slump.* The history of Christianity would indicate a relative progress with only occasional temporary retrogressions. This is truly our Father's world in spite of man's rebellious nature.

A genuine concern for the social and economic affairs of the world should be an integral part of any Christian or missionary program. Camp experience emphasized the primacy of man's concern for his physical welfare above that of his spiritual when both are inadequate. Starvation overshadows any other interest. Hunger seems to be the strongest of instincts and Jesus apparently implied as much in his answer to his opponents who criticized him for allowing his disciples to pluck grain on the Sabbath to satisfy their hunger.

A Christ-centered message is important. Often there is a tendency to preach a doctrine, an emphasis, or an interpretation to the point of exclusion or at least to the clouding of the picture of the Christ, whom one is trying to portray. Or perhaps a denominational or a geographically or historically provincial concept comes to the fore to push the Christ somewhat to the side. The world needs a Christ-centered message to apply to its tremendous problems of today.

Such a message leads toward and will produce the Christ-centered life. The great need in order that Christianity may become more effective today is lives which are continually centered in Christ wherever they may be lived both from the geographical and the vocational standpoint. It is not enough to live a Christian life merely in the realm of religion. The problems of the world are a challenge to those who will live in the realms of sociology, economics and politics completely and eternally Christian.

To summarize the above, a Christ-centered future is the one great hope for the world. Christ offers the solution to the greatest of problems through his teachings. Divine love through Christ to orientate men to himself and infinite love ex-

pressed through man to orientate men to each other will go further toward security and freedom and any other longings of the human soul than any other methods mankind has yet experienced. These are eternal values which no enemy outside of ourselves can take from us.

Experiences as a Nurse in an Internment Camp

Bessie Crim
Covington, Ohio

Six graduate nurses did active duty throughout the three years of our internment. Several other graduate nurses volunteered to help in the hospital and dispensary at various times. Each nurse had a different experience in camp, because each nurse had a different task to perform.

Nursing in our internment camp covered many branches of the field, such as surgery, obstetrics, medicine, communicable diseases, pediatrics, psychiatry or orthopedics.

My nursing duties began the morning of December 29, 1941, when we were taken to Brent School. Some families had been moved from the girls' dormitory to the administration building in the middle of the night. They had to leave most of their food and clothing behind. I secured permission from the Japanese officers to go back for that food and clothing. Two Japanese guards accompanied me on each trip. Later during the first day I took one of our obstetrical patients to the Notre Dame hospital in the ambulance. I remained with the patient a short time and then walked back to Brent School.

Following the order to move to Camp John Hay I asked the Japanese commandant if we might be able to secure a truck in which to haul the sick patients. He gave us permission to use four trucks. Several of the men and I loaded several one-hundred-pound bags of sugar and rice in the trucks with the patients.

During the month of January 1942 our most serious patients were taken to the Notre Dame hospital in Baguio. Other patients were cared for on the floor of the barracks. I accompanied many patients to the hospital. Sometimes we rode in a car and sometimes we used a food truck. This gave me an opportunity to see beyond the barbed wire fence.

During the first four days after our arrival at Camp John Hay I returned to Brent School to get many personal belongings which had been left behind. I had two Japanese guards and a Japanese driver. Neither of them helped load the truck. One time I loaded the truck too high, and lost a case of Ivory soap. The driver was kind enough to stop and let us pick up the bars of soap. I was very thankful each time I arrived safely at the camp.

Early in February of 1942 Dr. Nance set up a camp hospital. I remained in the hospital within the barracks to administer first aid, prepare baby formulas and to plan special diets for those who needed special food. I also went with the doctor to visit the Chinese barracks each morning. While preparing the formulas I had great difficulty in making my Japanese guards understand why I put two ounces of milk in one bottle and four ounces in another. I was on call at night, and many times when a baby had colic I would take it to the kitchen, give the medication and get it warm.

My day usually began at 5:00 a. m., when I started preparing the special diets for breakfast and then boiled the formula bottles. Then it

was a mad rush to get a fire bucket to use for a laundry bucket.

After moving over to Camp Holmes in April of 1942 the dispensary took most of my time. During one dysentery epidemic the doctors gave me a list of the individuals who should have castor oil or magnesium sulphate before breakfast. Sometimes the children would remark, "Here comes Aunt Bessie with the castor oil." I took care of some of the children when it was necessary for the mothers to go to the hospital. It was very difficult during one typhoon. As soon as I had them all cleaned up they would fall down and get dirtier than they were before. While in the dispensary I helped to prepare many medical prescriptions. Early in 1943 a pharmacist was brought into the camp and he took over a great deal of my work. This gave me extra time to special some surgical cases in the hospital. From April of 1943 until our release in February of 1945 I did night duty most of the time.

Night duty was interesting. During the rainy season it was the duty of the night nurse to dry diapers, gowns and sheets around the kitchen stove at night. We never had enough hot water bottles, and most of the time the ones we did have leaked. We used bricks and they were either too hot or too cold. It was a major catastrophe when a hole was burned in a sheet. During one typhoon the leisure hours during the night were spent in mopping the floor. The orderly gave assistance many times.

The Japanese permitted the native Igorots to bring their serious obstetrical patients to our camp hospital until January of 1944. Most of these babies were stillborn. The Igorot mothers were wonderful patients to care for, but most of them were so dirty I wondered many times where to begin the bath.

Our obstetrical work as well as the rest of the medical work was handicapped owing to the lack of instruments and our limited medical supplies. At the close of 1943 we received a shipment of medical supplies from the American Red Cross. We were indeed grateful for these supplies, which, I feel, helped to save the lives of many of our internees.

In March of 1944 we were given permission to take some of our patients to the Baguio general hospital. Two of our nurses were on duty there and I spent two weeks in April and five weeks in June and July there. While at the hospital I really felt as though I were a prisoner. We were required to remain in the ward unless we were given special permission by the doctor or the Japanese officer.

After we were given the order to leave Camp Holmes, I started to pack the hospital supplies, only a small part of which we were permitted to take to Manila. Many of these supplies were very dirty by the time they arrived.

We had blackout each night in Manila. Often when I went on duty I wondered what would take place before morning. When the planes went over at night and there were heavy explosions we had our hands full trying to keep the children calm. Sleeping in the daytime was very difficult because of the bombers overhead.

Nursing in an internment camp hospital was entirely different from nursing in an American hospital. I feel those experiences have taught me many valuable lessons, and I hope that I can use them when I am permitted to return to China.

Housing in Prison Camp

E. T. Angeny
Missionary Interned in the Philippines
Now in America

To write about the housing of internees is like discussing tin cans with sardines. It was always the burning question, next in importance to the question, "What are we going to eat today?" Shelter was even more of a problem than clothes. Since five hundred people were reduced to the communistic way of life clothes could be handed around and handed down. For the very same reason, the fact that five hundred people were living together within a limited space made the problem of living quarters extremely hard to solve. Our main location was changed three times. Rules were hardly the same from one week to the next. Adjustments among ourselves were constantly being made and for these reasons a general picture of living conditions behind barbed wire is next to impossible to paint.

The typical remark that would fit the picture from beginning to end would be, "If you want privacy, shut your eyes." There are always means to be found to ease physical discomfort. But what can relieve the strain when so many personalities are thrown closely together? And this was not merely the question of overcrowding like peas in a pod, but there was the added stress of hunger, anxiety and physical exhaustion and sickness.

We spent our first four months of imprisonment in Camp John Hay. We slept elbow to elbow. For a while, men, women and children were together. Later the men and women were separated and placed in different barracks. The new babies arriving during those early months were given "special consideration." Mothers and babies were crowed into a long, dark, narrow room, lighted and aired by one barred window. I managed to get on detail work to clean the women's bathroom. There was a selfish motive involved, for while doing such work I could take an unauthorized peek at my wife and baby in the "nursery."

Camp Holmes, our next "home," was also a former camp. It had housed in the past the Philippine constabulary. Here there were three barracks. The men used one, women with children another and unattached women the third. There was also a building for a hospital and a four-room cottage where thirty-six women and children were housed. As time went on, stretching into three years, there were other buildings set up, such as a shop, school, store, and small living shacks. During this time all kinds of space-saving devices made their appearance. Beside the common double-deck beds, there were triple deckers and even a quadruple decker. But perhaps the most practical bed of all was the swing bed. This was a bed suspended from the ceiling high enough from the floor to give the space beneath for other use.

In the middle of the living room, a space nine feet by seven feet was marked off Some kind of a curtain was hung up in order to partition it from the rest of the room. In that space my wife and child and I lived the last nine months in Camp Holmes. To complete the picture you must move two other families into that same living room and leave an aisle so that the other inhabitants of the house can have passage. Fortunately the climate was such that we could spend most of the time out of doors. But you can imagine the constant noise and confusion indoors when the wet season brought

rain for days at a time. In comparison it would have been relaxation to live in the union station in Chicago. How often we would long for the comforts of a Pullman train.

Perhaps it would be hard for some people to believe the story, if all the facts about housing at Bilibid Prison, Manila, were told, not to mention facts about food and disease. We personally happened to be in the first contingent which arrived at Bilibid Prison. We came in the dead of night during an enforced blackout. We were barely able to see the outlines of the building. We scraped some of the dirt aside, stretched out blankets on the concrete floor and waited for the morning. One of our first sights was the crosses of the graves of the prisoners of war who had died in this very building. Here it was too hot to erect curtains or any kind of partitions. All five hundred of us lived as one family. We surely could not have survived long under such extremely unsanitary conditions. But the day of deliverance finally arrived—paid for with the lives of many American boys. In the days and nights which followed, many times amid the terrific din of shellfire we were thankful for the high prison wall.

This has been just an attempt to present a general outline. We do not mean to voice any note of complaint. These conditions, bad as they were, hard as they were especially on the nerves of home-loving women, were nothing to compare with the filth and horror of the cells and dungeons in which some men and women were imprisoned for months at a time. *C'est la guerre* (this is war). Nothing but the grace of God and a sense of humor enables human beings to endure such a life.

Home Life in a Concentration Camp

Josephine Flory
Missionary Interned in the Philippines
Now in America

On our trip from Peking to Manila in 1941, we spent several days in Shanghai, China; while there we visited the Jewish refugee camp, which was aided by the Friends Service Committee. The refugees were all living in large barracks with no privacy and little family life. How we pitied them! And we resolved that we would do all we could to help them in a financial way. Little did we think that before another year had passed we would be living under similar conditions in Baguio, prisoners of the Japanese army.

When we were first interned the boys over twelve years of age lived in the men's barracks and the younger boys and girls lived with their mothers in the women's barracks. However, where there were several children in one family, the men often kept much younger boys with them. Since men and women did not eat together and could speak to each other only across six feet of space, husbands and wives began to write love letters again and send them back and forth by the children. Paper was scarce and letters were written on bits of odd stationery; sometimes they were scarcely legible, but precious nevertheless. Along with the letters many wives (especially those without children) sent a banana or some little scraps of food they had managed to do without, thinking the men were hungrier than they. Certainly no birthday and anniversary presents of the future can possibly be appreciated as much as a handful of peanuts, a piece of hard brown sugar called *penoche*, or one's supper ba-

nana saved for the occasion by strong effort.

After the fall of Bataan and Corregidor the Japanese guards became a little more lenient and each Sunday evening for an hour they allowed the husbands and wives to walk together on the tennis court. This was an event soon to be called "comingling" by all the internees. On this night the children were put to bed as soon as possible. Both the men and the women wore their nicest clothes in honor of the occasion. The instant the liaison officer blew his whistle there was a scramble for partners and husbands and wives spent an hour together, bolstering up each other's courage and planning for the future. Always we lived for the future. "When we get out" was a stock phrase.

A few weeks after we moved to Camp Holmes, the Japanese guards celebrated a holiday and told us we might have a program for the whole camp. The men had already prepared a minstrel show and that day husbands, wives and children sat together on the hillside to see the show and visit together. The mothers of tiny babies also took their babies in order that we could stay together in families just as long as we were permitted to do so.

Soon afterwards, permission was given for a church service and the news soon spread that husbands and wives could sit together during the service. Needless to say everyone attended church whether religiously inclined or not.

Gradually restrictions were lifted so that men and women could spend the evenings in the dining room together playing games or reading. Finally families were allowed to be out of doors together all day long and in the rainy season husbands were allowed in the women's barracks for an hour in the evening so that the daddies could have a while to play and romp with the small children.

Doubtless life would have been much less interesting for us if it had not been for our parties together. We celebrated every birthday, anniversary and holiday. Even though the food was scarce, the sociability helped a lot and we could discuss even the bad rumors with much less anxiety in the company of congenial friends. Everyone shared the least little luxury he might have in the food line in order to make the party more interesting. We drank a lot of mint and ginger root tea and ate rice crust with peanut butter in the slim days and in times when food was more plentiful we even had ice cream and cake on rare occasions.

During the last year of internment we were permitted to live in a barrack for both men and women if we desired. Each family wishing to live together was allotted a certain amount of space. They hung sheets, blankets or any material available around the sides in order to make a little private home. The children were much better behaved and life in general less fretful and strained after we were able to have a measure of privacy. No one then needed to feel embarrassed about eating more than his neighbor when he was protected by curtains. Naturally when you had some special little thing it was embarrassing to eat it when you were sitting right beside your neighbor. When we were first interned we waited until the lights were out in order to eat any special little delicacy we might have hoarded and we felt like gluttons not to share each morsel.

We tried to make our "cubicles" as homelike as possible and the children born in camp or those too young to remember anything else became quite attached to their

homes. It was really home to them. After we had been loaded up high on the truck that took us to Manila, one little three-year-old called out, "But, mommy, where is our home now?" The only answer the mother could give was, "Home is wherever you and daddy and mommy are." That satisfied the child and the rest of us silently agreed that we would not care too much where we lived if only mommy, daddy and children could be together.

Necessity Is the Mother of Invention

Ellen E. Cunningham
Missionary Interned in the Philippines
Now in America

The Japanese furnished the main part of our food during most of the time we were in camp. This main food was rice. However, I do not think any Americans would be willing to live on rice alone without trying their skill to change it. So it was that after we Americans were able to borrow money we began asking for private cooking facilities. We wanted to see if we might supplement our rice diet with things we were able to buy from the camp store.

Needless to say we ran into many difficulties in the months ahead. We found that most of the ingredients we would have to use were unfamiliar to us. Wheat flour was out of the question for all of that had been imported. We soon found that it was possible to buy rice flour. The first attempt to make cakes with this substitute proved disastrous. The cake turned out a heap of crumbles. Then followed much experimenting until finally we found that we could make a cake. It was rather on the heavy side but eatable if we used the proper amount of soft rice, rice flour, eggs and very little shortening along with sugar and flavoring. Soon we had all of our recipes for pie crust, cookies, crackers, bread, biscuits and cakes adjusted to rice flour. Then we found that we could no longer get rice flour but that we must use cassava flour. Again failure stalked us on every hand. Our cakes were "gummy" puddings. So another round of experiments followed. We found that in using cassava flour no soft rice should be used but instead a goodly amount of fats and eggs. Often we had light feathery cakes that rivaled even those made with wheat flour. When all recipes had been readjusted we found that cassava was becoming scarce and that corn flour, in reality plain old-fashioned corn meal, would have to replace the cassava flour. Needless to say we often did not know just what form the finished product would take. Most folks were good sports and even though we might have our hearts set on a feathery cake, we often found that we would have to smother it with bananas, top it with a last-minute sauce and call it pudding.

The camp cooks soon learned to be most economical. For illustration this is somewhat the history of a coconut. The outside fibrous husk is used to "skate the floors." In the Philippine Islands floors are not painted or varnished but are left in the natural. In the morning one often sees a girl or a boy with a coconut husk under each foot actually skating back and forth on the floor. The Americans never got to the stage where we could gracefully "skate" our floors. Instead we got down on our knees and with plenty of elbow grease we managed to keep our floors livable. The hard shell of the coconut was used in various ways. Some were polished and used as cooky or candy jars. Others were used as plates and carved into

beautiful pins for some lady fair. The water from the coconut was poured into a bottle with a little yeast and sugar added. A tight cork was fitted into the bottle and all set away to turn into vinegar in the course of some three or four weeks. We would grate the coconut meat and "milk" it, which meant that we would pour water over the grated coconut, work it with our hands and then press out the fluid which was the color and consistency of milk. This milk could be used on cereal or in almost any way that real milk is used. If we wanted something more special we would set the milk in the icebox overnight so that the fat would rise to the top. We would then skim this off and beat it to the consistency of whipped cream for a very delicious topping for gingerbread. We could whip it to the "butter" stage and have a fat much like margarine. The milked coconut meat would be placed in an iron skillet, a little sugar added and all browned until very dry. This could be used on our cereal to add flavor. Toward the end of our stay in camp when flour was very scarce and when sugar was too precious to use we would dry the coconut thoroughly and have it ground into flour. We found that when this was added to corn meal it made a pie crust that we could eat. Thus it was that our garbage cans were noticeably empty.

Every person had to use all of his ingenuity in order that future needs as well as present ones could be met as adequately as possible. This brought about some very interesting methods of preservation. Did you ever think of preserving eggs in cookies? This may not sound too safe a method, but where the mothers kept eagle eyes on those cooky jars the cookies proved to be about the only means of keeping eggs for future use. For a while we were able to get eggs in almost any amount we wanted and at not too high a price. But we were well aware of the fact that some day it would be impossible to obtain eggs at any price. Someone thought of the idea of putting away eggs in cookies; so we made cookies from recipes that called for one dozen eggs to four cups of flour. The cookies were then sealed with candle wax in tins and kept as long as a year. When the time did come that we could get neither meat nor eggs we gave the children a few cookies and considered that they had had the equivalent of part of an egg.

For a while we got more rice than we could eat but we cooked it nevertheless. We knew that if the Japanese found out that they were passing out too much uncooked rice to us they would cut our allowance at once. The big question was, "How were we going to preserve cooked rice?" Again we found that we could dry it thoroughly in the oven, seal it in a tin and keep it a long time. Many of us did this and we were very thankful for the dried rice when rice did become very scarce.

Today when we hear people complaining about rations and substitutes we cannot help but think what a paradise American cooks live in.

Food Under Difficult Conditions

Ellen E. Cunningham
Missionary Interned in the Philippines
Now in America

Food! Food! Food! This was the main topic of conversation all through the camp and even now the question that is asked more often than any other is, "And what about your food in camp?"

I think perhaps the Japanese were as surprised as we at the turn of

events which put into their hands some five hundred Americans. Never before had they taken civilian prisoners and they were wholly unprepared to deal with us adequately. It was not until two months later that they tackled the problem of feeding us. Meanwhile we all contributed a little money each week and a couple of buyers from our camp were allowed to go to market to secure food. During this period we lived on a bare maintenance diet for we did not know how long our scanty funds would have to last.

From March 1, 1942, to March 1, 1944, the Japanese gave us a monetary allowance per person per day. This money at times was in the hands of our own buyers. At other times we could send out orders only through a Japanese buyer. During most of this time the amount of food was fairly adequate. For the most part we were allowed more rice than Occidentals can use.

We had a variety of vegetables such as string beans, eggplant, squash, okra, and *chyote*. Various kinds of leaves were available which we substituted for spinach but all of which were very unpopular.

The sweet potato leaves were the most abundant as well as the least liked of any. We had peanuts which proved to be very great in nutritional value as well as a great aid in flavoring and making other foods more palatable. We had a number of various kinds of dried beans, all with their merits and demerits. Because we were unable to get many soybeans some of the other beans were powdered and used in bean milk.

We had some meat most of this period. Pork and beef were both available but with an emphasis on pork. For a while we had a very odoriferous little dried fish which supposedly is very nutritious. It is especially high in calcium, which was very scarce in our diet. Even though most of the adults realized its value it was almost impossible for many to stand the odor. For the children who had not developed such a fine sense of taste it proved to be a good supplement to their diet.

We were fortunate that we lived in the tropics where fruits are most plentiful. In their seasons we had such fruits as papaya, many varieties of delicious bananas, mangoes, pineapples, oranges, pameloes and the calamansi. The calamansi is a limelike fruit used for its juice.

Various food fads swept over the camp, for each fad had its staunch advocates. First it was the bean milk idea. This milk was made to supplement the babies' milk supply but in this respect it did not prove very successful. In the first place, the consistency and taste made it hard to get the babies to take it. In the second place, in order to build it up to a formula to simulate cow's milk we had to use coconut milk which in some cases upset the digestive systems of the children. A number of the adults, however, felt it their duty to drink it; so they tried in various ways to make it more palatable. Most of us preferred it in its soured stage, for then we used it in hot cakes, biscuits, cakes, etc.

The next fad was yeast. One of the chemists found that he could grow a yeast on a culture of mashed bananas and a crude form of sugar; he fixed up an old incubator that he had found and soon had enough yeast to supply the entire camp. As long as there was plenty of sugar to cover up the yeast flavor most of us used it in a syrup for our morning rice, but as soon as sugar became scarce we preferred our little bit of sugar plain and yeast passed into history.

Another fad that never found many ardent followers was ground-up eggshells. Some people took them to furnish the calcium which was lacking in our diet.

Milk was a very grave problem. At first we managed to get in some canned milk and powdered milk from private sources. All children under three years of age were given eight ounces of milk per day but we soon realized that our supply would not last. Then the age limit was lowered to two years and under.

We bought a few milk cows, hoping this would help in the solution of the milk problem but they proved to be none too good as milkers. Later some goats were purchased but in the Philippines if a goat gives eight ounces of milk a day it is considered a very good goat. With a constant change in camp goat herders this was also an unsuccessful experiment. So the goats were sold to families having small children.

The children in our camp were given a special diet. This probably explains the fact that most of the children seemingly fared better than did the adults. The dietician was given the privilege of making the children's diet first and then using what was left for the adults. In this way the children got the choice vegetables, beef (if there was a choice between it and pork), eggs when only a few came in, and choice of fruit.

After March 1, 1944, the situation changed radically. Because inflation was so bad the Japanese no longer gave us money. Instead a certain number of grams of cereal, mostly rice and corn, meat, vegetables, sugar, salt and fat were allowed each person per day. At first under this system they gave us much more rice than we could use but there was a very decided cut in meat and vegetables. They brought in fish almost entirely for our protein supply. In the catching of the fish dynamite was used and often we would have to throw out half of what they brought because the fish had been so badly damaged we were afraid to use it. From this time on they brought in no fruit.

During this period the food situation grew rapidly worse. Each month we were given less and less of rice and corn and the quality became poorer and poorer. After our move to Bilibid the latter part of December 1944 the food situation became critical. We, however, were not the only ones who were starving, for many Filipinos and Chinese as well as some of the Japanese were feeling the food shortage.

The Red Cross food kits which arrived on Christmas Day 1943 were perhaps the most cherished gifts that many of us had ever received. Each person in camp got a kit containing approximately fifty pounds of food. Included in it were much-longed-for items as powdered milk, cheese, chocolate, butter, canned meat, cocoa and coffee. Many folks rationed this over a period of a year and used most of these articles as seasonings for their monotonous diet of rice and corn. A can of corned beef would be used to season our meals for four days, adding zest and flavor to an otherwise bland food.

Many times we wondered if our rice would arrive in time for our next meal. Every time but one it did come, although sometimes meals were late because of its delayed arrival. On the one day it failed to come the Japanese guards loaned us a sack from their stores so that no day passed foodless.

We often breathed a prayer of sincere thanks to our God who continued to open up the way to care for our material as well as our spiritual needs in these trying times.

Schools in a Prison Camp

Susie M. Thomas
Brandonville, West Virginia

After a little over a month of internment the need for school was deeply felt for more than one reason. The space was small in which the internees lived and the children were crowded and had no place to play and nothing with which to play. They also needed to be learning so that they would not lose out in their education, although the Japanese said it was not necessary for them to study, for the war would go on for a hundred years.

It was decided to start a school for children of elementary and high school age. There was little material to work with, but the teachers made the most of what they had. The children were undernourished and some of them daydreamed a great deal; however, some things were learned during that time.

School was held in the dining room of the women's barracks; the children sat at the dining room tables and on benches that had no backs and were too high off the floor for the smaller ones.

The Japanese said the books would have to be turned in to be censored. They would not permit school any more until the books were inspected. Since the books were not brought back, school came to an end at Camp John Hay.

On April 23, 1942, the internees were moved to Camp Holmes in the Trinidad Valley not far from the village of Trinidad, near which the Trinidad agricultural school was located. After we became a little more settled and living conditions improved somewhat, a request was made for permission to have school. The authorities said there could be school in camp if classes in Japanese were taught. These classes were taught by two American missionaries to Japan. One of them was born there and had spent most of her life among the Japanese people. Anyone who cared to learn Japanese was permitted to attend. A large number entered the classes but many fell by the wayside. Some wanted to study other things far more, and since it was not wise to try to talk with the soldiers, there was very little incentive to learn Japanese.

Some additional classes for adults were held in Tagalog (national language of the Philippines), Illocano (another Filipino language or dialect), Chinese, German, French, Spanish, Greek, Bible, Japanese flower arranging, church architecture, art, first aid, anthropology and music.

At Camp Holmes at first, grade school was held in the dining room. With work going on in the kitchen and classes at every table and sometimes two grades at one table, there were many distractions. Sometimes there was only one book for five or six pupils. Later the grades met in a small house until it was used for living quarters.

After a time the high school met in a cottage at the entrance to Camp Holmes. With the fine teachers they had the young people learned many valuable things. What was lacking in equipment was made up by skilled teachers.

Music and art were a part of the education of the children. Some excellent art work was exhibited and fine musical programs were presented.

Sometimes programs were presented by both grade and high school pupils. These helped to break the monotony of camp life and gave everyone something different to think about.

Appropriate commencement ex-

ercises were conducted for the graduating classes. When the high school graduates received their diplomas each was given his sheepskin with a ball and chain around it, a symbol of the place in which they finished their high school education.

School classes were not always stationary. During fine weather, when there was no regular building in which to meet, classes met outside wherever they could find a suitable place. When the cottage which served as a high school building was taken over by the Japanese the high school classes met in the warehouse. The men fixed it up to serve as a school the best they could with the material on hand. Finally, when that had to be vacated to accommodate more guards, school was discontinued after the rainy weather set in until a building was erected to house the high school. Later most of the grade school classes met there too.

During the typhoons no classes could be held because of the winds and rain. There were few windows made of glass and most of the buildings were very dark and dreary when they had to be closed.

The new school building was built of swale and had the partitions made so that they could be removed, making one large room if it was needed. The church services were held there, especially during inclement weather.

School was held during the first summer to make up what had been missed during the first months of internment, but after that there was vacation at Christmas time and also during part of the summer.

During the last school year, which began Sept. 4, 1944, exciting things sometimes happened. American planes flew over and air-raid sirens sounded at Baguio. In December as the planes came over more frequently and in larger numbers both children and the teachers ran out to see them.

When we were moved to Bilibid Prison in Manila the last of December 1944, everything that was not absolutely necessary had to be left behind and that meant school supplies too. In Bilibid Prison there was no place to have school and energy was at a low ebb for want of food. Thus ended formal education under the Japanese régime.

Teaching Under Difficulties

Helen Angeny
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Teaching under difficulties or teaching under the Japanese are synonymous terms for anyone who has tried it in a concentration camp. It was an almost impossible situation for free-thinking, education-loving Americans to find themselves in. As soon as a semblance of order was brought into the chaos of camp, living spaces allotted, sanitation brought under the best control possible, and a daily routine of a drab existence formed, our thoughts turned to the problem of schooling.

We had many boys and girls of school age. They had seen bewildering things take place: their homes torn from them, fathers and mothers put in separate buildings, some parents left in far-off Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, caught in a situation which would separate them for years to come. They had only a tennis court on which to play, and that was rather restricted, for five hundred other people had that as the only place on which to gather. Needless to say baseball was not the order of the day or any other of the sports so loved by the young.

It was felt by the teachers in camp

that school would help much in bringing about a quicker adjustment and would occupy their active minds with creative thought. So permission was asked to establish a school and for the necessary books to be brought in. These requests were absolutely refused upon the ground that this was to be a "Hundred Years' War." Therefore, "we would—ahem—not need education if our internment were to be that long."

Not daunted, the teachers formed a program without books and "school" commenced. It was held in the women's dining room, which was also used in part as sleeping quarters. Of course, all this was "on the quiet." These teachers are to be commended for their industry. And so teachers hungry for their work met with children hungry for creativity, and the American tradition of education was carried on under an alien flag. Practically the only equipment was long tables and uncomfortable benches—a far cry from the well-lighted, attractive school from which they had been rudely ejected a short time ago.

When we were moved to Camp Holmes permission was asked again and again to carry on a legitimate school. Gradually permission was granted, a few books drifted in and a high school was organized. Under no condition were we supposed to teach history or geography, for these were regarded as possible propaganda outlets. But we called them Reading II and III. When class observation was done by our captors, the teachers deftly turned from the discussion of tariff or free trade to the more harmless and sublime topic of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. The pupils just as deftly sat upon their banned books.

The school was shunted around from place to place, from dining room to out-of-doors, to a tent, to a nipa shack, to a roughly constructed school building. Finally a schoolhouse was built of native grass fibre and wood. This was partitioned off into classrooms, and a more normal and orderly school was the result. This was done at the insistence of Mr. Tomibe, our new camp commandant. He was with us for a year, and his understanding and desire to help us with our camp problems was shown in all his actions toward us. He was often hindered by those in higher authority. When the school was finished, the Japanese staff and the school faculty with the students had an opening exercise and tea.

During all these times high standards of teaching and methods were maintained. It is believed that the work will be accredited in most of the schools which the boys and girls planned to attend upon attaining freedom. The fine co-operation of the pupils meant much in the success of the whole program. Study halls were held at night. Poor lights, a scarcity of books, interruptions occasionally by the guard on his round, peering inquisitively in the window or clumping in out of sheer curiosity, little paper, few maps, cramped quarters and always the acute realization of a food shortage were some of the difficulties that confronted us.

Our high school classes were graduated. The camp shop carved balls and chains for their class pins. On graduation day the garbage crew brought in from the outside flowers for the girls. School plays, debates, music recitals, art exhibits, the developments of a science laboratory added to the school spirit.

During this time of teaching under difficulties other knowledge was gained that was not in the books,

cherished as they were. A keen sympathy for all underprivileged children, a thirst and love for real learning and a deep respect for true democracy and freedom were engraved into these minds.

Surely the teachers in looking back over the three years are satisfied that every untiring effort was justified and that their pupils have gone forth into liberty armed with a real appreciation of the word *education,* with self-reliance and a knowledge that freedom can burn in one's heart at all times if he but cherish and work for it.

Nursing Under Difficulties

Bessie Crim

Missionary Interned in the Philippines; Now in America

Several graduate nurses who were residing in Baguio at the time of the bombing on December 7, 1941, volunteered to work with the Philippine Red Cross. With the assistance of some native workers we set up a Red Cross first-aid station. We were very busy making gauze dressings, bandages, applicators and many other articles which were badly needed. The mayor gave us funds to purchase necessary supplies. During the period from December 1, 1941, to December 29, 1941, I was asked to teach Red Cross first aid to our Chinese teachers. It was an interesting but difficult task. I needed to consult a dictionary many times. At this time I lived with Mrs. Hayes and Dr. Wells of the Presbyterian mission. When the Japanese came Dr. Wells suggested that I wear my nurse's uniform. I did not like the suggestion, but later I took his advice. By following his advice I was able to do many things for the entire group. I received permission to get clothing and food, which were badly needed, from Brent School. The Japanese permitted us to use four trucks to transport the sick individuals from Brent School to Camp John Hay.

Most of our patients were taken to the Notre Dame hospital in Baguio during the month of January 1942. I accompanied many of the patients to the hospital. We were heavily guarded and were searched many times. The nurses were kept busy preparing formulas for the babies and food for special diets. Caring for a diabetic patient is very difficult in a concentration camp when all food is very limited. It was also necessary to care for patients on the floor, for we had no beds.

On February 7, 1942, Dr. Nance, who was in charge of the medical work, opened the camp hospital. He was aided by several men in securing medicines and supplies from various places. Medicine and all hospital equipment was very limited. Part of the nurses were on duty in the hospital, and some of us remained in the barracks to administer first aid and to attend to many details connected with camp life.

There were 337 Chinese from Baguio, who were interned with us for the first five months. During this time I visited the Chinese barrack each morning to give assistance in preparing formulas for the infants and also to aid the doctor in treating many patients. The Chinese had a very limited supply of milk and it was necessary to dilute it with rice water and cabbage water. Four Chinese babies were born in camp.

One night I was sent over to the men's barrack to get the doctor. Most of the men were unshaven, for they had no razor blades. It was difficult to find the right individual without any light. I awakened two men by mistake and received very impolite replies. After getting the doctor awake we had a very busy

night, for one American baby and one Chinese baby were born into a world torn apart by war. We had no ambulance to take them to the hospital; so the camp food truck was used.

Early in March 1942 one of our infants was called to a better home than that offered by an internment camp. The little coffin and the cross were made by the carpenter from rough lumber. We padded the little coffin with cotton and lined it with a white satin slip belonging to a Presbyterian missionary. When I entered nurses' training I did not realize that it would ever be my duty to help make a coffin or to hold the lid on until the last nail was driven. During the service there were bombers overhead going on their mission of destruction.

Flowers for special occasions were arranged by a Southern Baptist missionary who had formerly lived in Japan. His services were greatly appreciated.

When we moved to Camp Holmes, north of Baguio, an officer's old home was used as a hospital. It was remodeled many times. Doctors and nurses had to adjust themselves to difficult surroundings. Applicators and tongue depressors were boiled after each use, owing to our limited supply. Gauze dressings and bandages were washed, boiled and sterilized and reused many times. Surgical supplies were very limited. The surgeon had to sharpen his knife before each operation. Catgut, which is used during an operation, was very scarce. The surgeons co-operated very well in saving all surgical material. After receiving the Red Cross medical supplies in December 1943, our work was much easier. The pharmacist gave valuable service during our internment period. Many operations were performed with satisfactory results.

Nursing newborn infants and dysentery patients was a difficult task. We never had enough diapers and there was no way to get them dry during the rainy season except around the kitchen stove in the hospital. Soap and disinfectants were very limited and we, as nurses, felt that everything was contaminated. We could not wear our white starched uniforms, for we had no soap to keep them clean and no starch. I tried to use soft rice once and it was a failure. The days of wearing a cap on the back of one's head were gone also. We wore cotton dresses most of the time.

Caring for patients both day and night was very difficult. The beds were low, bed linen was limited, and we had very poor lights, only one bathroom, two bells and no telephone. If anyone wanted anything he had to call and if the doctor was needed we had to send the orderly after him. It takes twice as long to do everything in a concentration camp as it does in an American hospital. We had no screens and each patient had to furnish his own mosquito net. During blackout it was almost impossible to observe a patient's condition and to give hypodermics. Some of our nurses became ill and were unable to continue their hospital work. We had to train several women as nurses' aides for work in the hospital.

After Dr. Nance was transferred to another camp, Dr. Cunningham of our own mission was put in charge of the hopsital. We enjoyed working with him for he radiated a fine Christian spirit. When we were transferred from Baguio to Manila, Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham and I were sent on the truck with the bed patients. It was difficult to care for them as the truck stopped only twice during our twelve-hour trip, but they stood the trip quite well.

Dr. Cunningham directed the setting up of the hospital in Bilibid Prison at Manila, to which we had been moved on December 29, 1944. We used several cells for our hospital. The floor was cement and the walls were iron bars. The heavy bombing during the daytime disturbed the night nurses' sleep many times. The prison cell used for religious services was turned into an operating room. Mosquito nets were used for screens and several sheets sewed together made the ceiling. The altar was used as a supply table during operations.

Our American nurses cared for our patients until the American army took charge on February 7, 1945. Filipino nurses then came and took charge under the direction of the American army doctor. They were still working in the hospital when I left Manila on February 22, 1945. We were indeed grateful for the help that the Filipino nurses gave us.

Carrying On With Mission Purposes Under Difficulties

E. Lloyd Cunningham
Ithaca, New York

In order to determine to what extent as a doctor one was able to carry on successfully with mission purposes under the difficulties presented in the Baguio internment camp in the Philippines let us consider first what we mean when we speak of mission purposes. From a practical working viewpoint it seems to me that mission purposes become the sincere and active living of the Christian life before men, helping men in their need within any environment because of a compassionate love for them, and as the occasion arises pointing them toward the Christ as the answer to their innermost problems of life. The growth of the missionary himself in Christian maturity and experience which may help him to be more effective in his task in years to come is also an important factor in mission purposes, especially where younger missionaries are involved. On these bases opportunities in camp were unlimited. Ofttimes what are commonly referred to as difficulties made it easier in certain respects to carry on with mission purposes.

When people who habitually evaluated material possessions very highly found these suddenly gone, in some cases they found also that the very foundations of life were gone. To such, one was able to present a solid foundation on which they might reorientate their purposes for living. Of course one was able daily to minister to the many physical needs of humanity without thought of remuneration and was often able to show a real concern for their spiritual as well as for their physical welfare. The Christian doctor was in a special way able to contribute in no small measure to keeping up the courage and morale of many individuals and of the camp as a whole. Many were led to a new and more favorable interest in Christian missions as prejudices were broken down. While some of these things occurred elsewhere in camp, yet the hospital afforded especially fertile soil for such workings since most of the doctors, nurses, and other hospital help were missionaries.

The opportunity for the missionary to improve himself was unique. The camp provided a wonderful laboratory for the study of human nature, especially for the doctors and nurses since their relationship

to most of the internees of necessity became particularly intimate. These contacts often led to the helpful sharing of problems vital to one's spiritual welfare. Discussion and contact with other missionaries and the mutual sharing of experiences with those of other geographical areas and denominational emphases led to a deeper fellowship and understanding with a consequent broadening of experience in a way rarely found in normal life.

Little need be said about the difficulties in the practice of medicine in camp. These mostly concerned the lack of certain supplies which helped those involved to rely more on their own resourcefulness, the healing power of sympathetic and loving kindness, and above all, a deepened faith.

LARRY CUNNINGHAM AND CAROL ANGENY

Larry was born in China and came to the Philippine Islands with his parents.

Carol Angeny was born while her parents were in a concentration camp.

James Flory was also born in the Philippine Islands during the time of internment.

AT BILIBID PRISON

Children and their parents with American soldiers who had rescued them. In this picture are some twenty or more children who were born during the three-year internment.

Helen and Carol Angeny may be seen in the back row, slightly to the right of center.

AT SANTO TOMAS

When General MacArthur came to Santo Tomas, Manila, in February 1945, he was almost surrounded by internees. They were set free when the American troops made a dash into the internment camp. Some 3,700 civilians had been imprisoned at Santo Tomas for three years.

DR. LLOYD CUNNINGHAM
Missionary to China, 1938
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-

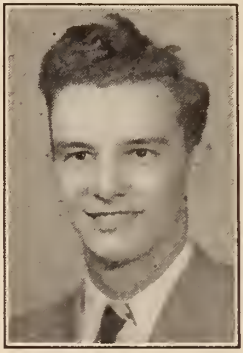
ELLEN EDMISTER CUNNINGHAM
Missionary to China, 1938
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-

ROLLAND C. FLORY
Missionary to China, 1940
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-

JOSEPHINE KEEVER FLORY
Missionary to China, 1940
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-

SUSIE M. THOMAS
Missionary to China, 1939
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-

BESSIE M. CRIM
Missionary to China, 1940
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-



EDWARD T. ANGENY
Missionary to China, 1940
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-

HELEN BUEHL ANGENY
Missionary to China, 1940
To Baguio, P. I., 1941
In internment camps:
December 1941—February 1945
Furlough in U.S.A., 1945-